LD 4721
.R517
1853b
Copy 1

LD
4721
R517
1853b

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.
LD4731
Chap. Copyright No.
Shelf R517
1853L
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

MARTIN BREWER ANDERSON

MARTIN BREWER ANDERSON

AN APPRECIATION

BY

HENRY C. VEDDER

NEW YORK
BAPTIST REVIEW ASSOCIATION
41 PARK ROW

LD4721
.R517
1890

Copyright, 1890, by
The Baptist Review Association.

a my P, Jan. 27, 1915

O LOVED and lost, whose like we ne'er shall see,
Our youth's instructor and our manhood's friend,
If from the realms of bliss thy glance doth bend,
And if such earthward glance felicity

To spirits celestial may impart: to thee
What joy ineffable must bring this sight—
How richly thy self-sacrifice requite
Throughout the æons of eternity—

Thy life re-lived in every Christ-like way
By sons, thine not in flesh but in the truth,
Sons of thy soul, sons of thy mighty heart,

Who bear in every noble cause their part.
O more than sire! though least of these, in ruth
This humble wreath upon thy tomb I lay.

MARTIN BREWER ANDERSON:

AN APPRECIATION.

In the closing chapter of a book that every well-regulated American, old or young, reads, *Tom Brown's School-days*, is an account of the effect on the hero of the sudden news that Arnold of Rugby was dead:

> He felt completely carried off his moral and intellectual legs, as if he had lost his standing-point in the invisible world. Besides which, the deep, loving loyalty which he felt for his own leader made the shock intensely painful. It was the first great wrench of his life, the first gap which the angel Death had made in his circle, and he felt numbed, and beaten down, and spiritless. . . . "If he could only have seen the doctor again for one five minutes; have told him all that was in his heart, what he owed to him, how he loved and reverenced him, and would, by God's help, follow his steps in life and death, he could have borne it all without a murmur. But that he should have gone away forever without knowing it all was too much to bear."

So felt many a Rochester alumnus when the telegraph flashed the news across the continent that President Anderson was no more. The blow was less sudden, perhaps, than that which smote Tom Brown, for we had had warning that our doctor had failed rapidly—indeed, that his state was critical—but it was no less heavy, and the sorrow was not less grievous, because partly anticipated. It did not seem that the news could be true. When we were college lads our "Prex" had so impressed us all with a sense of his throbbing, exuberant, masterful vitality, his protean and untiring activity, that it was hard to think of him as mortal like the rest of us. And when I saw him last, on the day he left New York for Florida, though he was no longer the stalwart man of yore, he seemed full of mental vigor and hopefulness, and no word or act gave premonition that the end was so near.

The daily and weekly press have borne ample testimony, with marked unanimity, to the character of Dr. Anderson's services and to his worth as a man. In due time there will doubtless follow a memoir or biography, possibly with a collection of those essays and addresses that he was preparing for the press in his last weeks at Lake Helen. In the meantime, it has seemed to a few that something might profitably be written, midway between the ephemeral newspaper article and the permanent volume—an article that might give to those who knew him only by repute or casually a more adequate knowledge of the man, as he appeared to those who met him in the intimacy of the class-room and of the home; not a eulogy or a criticism, but, if a word savoring of affectation may be properly used of one so unaffected, an "appreciation." Such is the aim of this paper. None can be more keenly aware of its shortcomings than its author, but on the tomb of a great man any who knew and loved him may lay a humble wreath, and who shall say him nay? If in performing this task some things are repeated that have been published elsewhere, may not a plea be entered in justification, according to the old Greek adage that a man may once say a thing as he would have it—δὶς δὲ οὐκ ἐνδέχεται—but he cannot say it twice? And if the article is now and then reminiscent and personal, it may not be the less interesting to many readers for that.

I.

Though he scouted the theory that heredity and environment are omnipotent in the formation of character, Dr. Anderson never denied that they are potent factors in determining a life, only surpassed by the supreme choice of the individual will. He was certainly an admirable instance of what heredity and environment can and cannot do towards the making of a great man. From his Scotch-Irish ancestry he inherited a strong frame and a stock of physical

vigor that honored even his prodigal drafts upon it for three score years and ten. From the same source came a will of steel, the dogged determination, when once the cost had been counted and a thing begun, to do or die. Along with this went a sound moral nature, a scrupulous conscience, a controlling sense of duty. It was, in a word, the grand old Puritan temperament, with a distinct individuality—the stuff of which Cromwell's Ironsides and the Covenanters were made, somewhat softened and humanized by the lapse of two centuries, but not changed in essence. An inheritance, this, beyond price to any man, a foundation on which character may be securely built. His environment was equally fortunate. Born in Brunswick, Me., in 1815, a town barely out of the pioneer stage, his early years were years of poverty, of strenuous labor, that hardened his muscles and developed his self-reliance. Poverty in a country town was never in those days, and seldom is now, the squalid, starving, ragged poverty of a city tenement, dwarfing the body and debasing the soul. The food might be coarse, but it was abundant; the clothing might be homespun and of uncouth cut, but it was decent and warm. Such poverty was rather a wholesome discipline than a scourge, and from conditions like these have risen most of the men whose names are honored among Americans to-day.

Young Anderson's opportunities for the development of mind and soul were equally adapted to the making of strong character. Educational advantages in New England were limited in those days, but he had the best of such as there were. His father was a man of more than usual education, and at one time taught the village school at Bath, Me. Here the lad first showed the thirst for knowledge and the aptitude for acquiring it that distinguished him all his life, and early marked him out as a predestined scholar. While still a mere boy he eked out the slender family in-

come and provided for his own further schooling by laboring in a ship-yard. On one occasion, when I was expressing admiration of his superb muscular development, Dr. Anderson referred to this fact, and said that he owed his great physical strength and his life-long vigor to this employment during his youth, and to much practice in rowing a heavy boat against wind and tide. In these early years the influence of his mother upon him was very great and of the happiest character. In a speech at the meeting of the New York State Convention, held at Rome in 1884, Dr. Anderson made a tender and pathetic reference to his mother, telling how in his boyhood she had led him by the hand across the fields to a little Baptist church. The religious impressions that he received then remained with him through life, and had much to do with making him the man he was. At the age of eighteen he was converted during a revival at Bath, and was baptized into the Baptist church. He was converted all over, and he became a Baptist all over—he was never the man to do anything by halves—dedicating himself, soul and body, to the service of God and of his brethren.

He now had a fresh incentive to diligence in study, and a powerful motive to make his education as complete as possible. A debating club in the town gave him a valuable stimulus, and under its inspiration he began and continued an extensive course of reading, which laid the foundations of the broad scholarship for which he was later noted. Completing his preparatory studies with considerable difficulty, under obstacles and discouragements that would have disheartened a less resolute youth, he entered Waterville College (now Colby University), in 1836, and was graduated in 1840. The testimony of his class-mates, of whom few now survive, is that he was in college life what he afterwards was—a leader of men, and a scholar of untiring diligence and multifarious acquirements. His rank was high, but not

the highest, for he valued breadth and depth of actual knowledge above mere "marks" gained in the recitation room. Feeling called to preach the gospel, he spent the year following his graduation, in the Newton Theological Institution. A fellow-student, not a class-mate, was Ezekiel G. Robinson, soon to win like fame with him as an educator. In some lately published reminiscences, Dr. Robinson tells us that the two students were drawn into some degree of intimacy by a common participation in the debating society then maintained by the Newton theologues. Doubtless they were sometimes antagonists in these friendly contests, and when they were we may be certain that the sparks flew, for then each met a foeman worthy of his steel.

In 1841, the offer of a tutorship at Waterville tempted Anderson to intermit his studies for a time, with the prospect of so replenishing his purse that he could go on in independence. He did not, however, then contemplate more than this. During the winter of 1842-3 he accepted an engagement to supply the pulpit of the E Street Church, of Washington. He was now in the flush and vigor of his young manhood, and his preaching made no little stir in the capital city. A sermon that he delivered in the House of Representatives was particularly praised by all who heard it, and some notable public men became interested in the youthful preacher and his career. It is not difficult to understand this success. At this period, as in later years, he had all the characteristics of a great orator—a striking, a commanding presence, a voice sonorous and strong, and in these early years musical and rich, a keen and logical mind, a strong Saxon style, and, added to all, that indefinable something which for lack of a better word we call "magnetism," the power of moving the feelings and controlling the wills of other men. Few have gifts better adapted to win success in public life, and there can be no doubt that had the young preacher at that time chosen such

a career—for which he felt himself to have special qualifications, but from which his conscience held him back—the great prizes of the political world would have been at his disposal. In later years Dr. Anderson was a speaker whose power was sometimes marvellous. I remember especially a speech that he made in Rochester at a public meeting soon after the outbreak of the Civil War. The meeting was held in a tent, and I, a lad not yet ten years of age, was allowed as a special favor to attend it. I had never heard of Dr. Anderson, and it was some years later that I knew who he was, but that evening's speech is burned into my memory, there to remain to the latest moment of life—the fiery passion of patriotism that inspired the orator, and the pitch of wild enthusiasm to which he roused the meeting, as the flaming flood of eloquence poured forth. When he ceased, it seemed as if nearly every able-bodied man in the tent rushed forward to enroll himself among the defenders of his country, and in a few weeks the Old Thirteenth marched to the front. It is told of Demosthenes, as the crowning proof of his oratoric greatness, that when he harangued the Athenians they cried, "Let us march against Philip." On this occasion Dr. Anderson scored the same kind of a triumph, and proved himself capable of the highest eloquence. It required a noble cause to rouse him to his best efforts, but he always rose to a great occasion, and then he was magnificent.

It was about this time that his whole plan of life was altered. His splendid physique and superabundant health made him careless. He fancied he could do anything and bear everything. A day's exposure to cold and wet, and a night's sleeping in a damp bed brought on a cold that nearly proved fatal, and resulted in the temporary impairment of his health and the loss of his voice. The latter calamity was supposed to be permanent; physicians assured him that he could never hope to be a public speaker. He re-

luctantly gave up the idea of completing his studies for the ministry and accepted a chair proffered by his *alma mater*. The doctors were wrong, as they often are. In a few years his general health was restored to its accustomed robustness, and gradually he regained much of his voice. It never had again, probably, the flexibility and sweetness of his youth; there was always a husky quality audible, and its compass was not great, but in power it was all one could desire. Accepting the verdict of the physicians, he devoted himself to his new career with the ardor and thoroughness that marked whatever he did. It is not disparaging to his colleagues to say that he became, in his brief period of service, the soul of the Waterville faculty. He taught in the several departments—mathematics, English literature and rhetoric, philosophy—doing excellent work in all. Once during my college course he called me to his room to commend an essay I had written, and to suggest a change in my style. It was, he said, too florid and had a trick of circumlocution. "Go straight to the mark; say what you mean, and don't try to get finer bread than can be made of wheat," was his counsel. And then he became reminiscent. "When I was a young professor at Waterville, I had to correct the students' essays, and some of them had your fault (here a sly glance at me) of trying to be *too* fine. So I would call one of them into my room and go over his essay with him. I would take one of his flowery sentences and say, 'Now, Mr. Jones, just what did you mean by that?' 'Well, I meant thus and so.' '*Say* thus and so, then, and don't say something else.' And so I would go over sentence after sentence and insist that he should say, in a straightforward and simple style, exactly the thought he had in mind. The boys used to think I was rough on them, but it did 'em good; it was just what they needed." He left me to infer that it was just what I needed, and I neither disputed him then nor afterwards. In one's

sophomoric stage such discipline is invaluable, if it does seem a trifle severe at the time. But Dr. Anderson had a way of sugar-coating his bitter pills that made them almost pleasant to take.

It was while he was at Waterville that Professor Anderson was married. His wife was Elizabeth Gilbert, the daughter of a respected merchant of New York, eminent among the Baptist laymen of fifty years ago. "Marriage," our Prex used sometimes to say to us, "either makes a man or breaks him." If such be the case, marriage made him. No one who ever knew Mrs. Anderson once questioned that she was "a perfect woman, nobly planned," and the ideal wife for her husband. It was a wedded life that gave visible form to Tennyson's picture:

> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world . . . .
> Till at the last she set herself to man
> Like perfect music unto noble words.

II.

Some obscurity hangs over the close of Dr. Anderson's first period of service as an educator. Why he left Waterville I have never heard, and perhaps it would not be discreet to inquire. It is enough to know that in 1850 he came to New York and engaged in journalism. It is true that the journalist as well as the poet is born, not made, but it is also true in most cases that he is made as well as born. Dr. Anderson furnishes almost a solitary instance of immediate and marked success in one of the most difficult and exacting of callings, without any previous training for it. Nothing in all his career better proved his native ability and acquired learning, or more clearly showed him to be a man predestinate to be successful in whatever he undertook, than his brief journalistic career. I say brief, for it lasted barely three years, but into those years how much of strenuous

labor he crowded and how well he showed his right to a man's place among men. He was but thirty-five when he began this work, but the *New-York Recorder* leaped at once to the forefront of religious weeklies. For the first time he now became widely known in the denomination, as one who had it in him to do great things. These years were in the *sturm und drang* period of Baptist affairs. The Bible Union controversy was waging in its early fierceness, and Dr. Anderson's convictions impelled him to range himself with the opponents of a new English version of the Scriptures. This was only one, though to Baptists the most exciting, of many controversies. The conflict over the removal of the Hamilton institutions to Rochester fell within the period of his journalistic service, and from the first he sided with the Rochester party, being made one of the Board of Trustees.

In these battles the young editor bore an active part. He was no carpet-knight of controversy, but a doughty warrior, able to give and ready to take hard knocks—

> His quick, keen, urgent, sinewy, certain thrust
> Those knights well knew who felt it in the joust.

He was not a man, however, who took kindly to poisoned arrows or foul blows; he fought fairly himself, and an unfair adversary had him therefore at a disadvantage, for he disdained as much to retaliate in kind as he smarted keenly under wounds thus received. A strong and noble nature like his is capable of endless endurance in a fair contest, where "sand" or the ability to take punishment is one of the conditions of success; but feels, with a keenness unknown to ignoble men, the smart of injustice, and the indignity of being smitten by a vile adversary. Some wounds received in this way rankled in Dr. Anderson's soul till a late period of his life, if not to the very end. In a letter, written only two years before his death, he made a bitter reference to the "newspaper abuse" he had re-

ceived during, and for some time after, his career as a New York journalist.

As an editor Dr. Anderson was especially strong in leader-writing. His fulness of information, industry, sturdy sense, and robust English style made his articles models of the stately editorial writing that prevailed in those days, though it is somewhat out of fashion now. He had the "nose for news," (a phrase of his own, characteristically apt), but it may perhaps be questioned if his experience lasted long enough to develop in him certain other qualities indispensable in one who would make a well-balanced and complete weekly religious newspaper. That further experience would have developed these qualities is not at all to be questioned. He was powerful in controversy, and espec ially happy in defending and enforcing the distinctive principles avowed by the Baptist churches. Then, as throughout his life, he was firm in his convictions and constant in his loyalty to them. One of his students who knew him well and loved him proportionally, Rev. Robert S. MacArthur, D.D., has written on this point with a felicity of phrase that leaves nothing to be desired:

> He was withal a leal-hearted Baptist. In the bottom of his soul he loved the interests of the denomination to which he gave the enhusiasm of his youth, the strength of his manhood, and the ripe wisdom of his later years. He knew that the scholarship, the art, the history of the world, are on our side; he knew that the Word of God is the foundation stone in our denominational structure. The prominence of his position, the wide relationships he had with leading men in other denominations, never hindered him from using an opportunity, when such words could be appropriately spoken, to emphasize our fundamental principles as in harmony with the Word of God, the best interests of the religious life and with the largest and highest culture. He did not think that the institution he loved would be benefitted by silence or ambiguity on his part as to his denominational convictions. He did not crave any modifications or concessions in our denominational policy. He was satisfied—he was proud—to be and to avow himself, "a through and through Baptist."

The experience gained in journalism, Dr. Anderson made most useful in his after career as teacher. Nothing

was more characteristic of the man than the fertility of resource, the quickness of insight, the readiness of adaptation by which he made everything he had ever read or experienced pay tribute to the present duty. Thenceforth, throughout life, he looked out over the world and watched the making of history, with the mind of a scholar it is true, but also with the eye of a journalist. None of his old students will ever forget the "chapel talks" in which Dr. Anderson exercised what he used to call "the editorial function of the teacher," by terse comments on current events, elucidating the principles underlying them, and setting them forth in their historical relations. These talks were in themselves a liberal education for young men, sharpening the mind and broadening the outlook beyond any of the more formal studies of the course. They were always informing, skilfully stimulating curiosity and impelling to investigation rather than telling everything, and not infrequently were delivered with a fire and impetuosity of eloquence that made them most valuable object-lessons in oratory. Of all my college course, I recall nothing that I would not rather have spared than these "chapel talks."

III

No institution of learning had smaller or more unpromising beginnings than the University of Rochester. A big name and a few professors were its outfit. I have read, but cannot verify, a satirical account of it by Ralph Waldo Emerson, to the effect that a Rochester hotel keeper had found that his building would rent better as a college, had put in a few books, secured a coach-load of students from another school and had had a crop of graduates before time for green peas. This tale is evidently a work of the imagination, but there was enough truth in it to make it sting at the time, though we can afford to laugh at it now. Just why it was that the trustees of this institution pitched upon

the New-York editor as the best man to be head and leader of this new and almost desperate enterprise, is unknown to me. Certain it is that they voted more wisely than they knew. A man who had frequently been a journalistic antagonist in controversy, to his uniform discomfiture, took occasion to "get even" by telling the public that this Mr. Anderson had been a failure in all that he had ever undertaken and would undoubtedly be a failure in his new position. The laughable ineptitude of this prediction, in view of one of the greatest successes in the educational work of America, lends great force to Mr. Lowell's advice,

> Don't never prophesy onless ye *know*.

Of this success how is it possible to speak in terms too warm? Not a few Rochester alumni, doubtless, can say with Matthew Arnold:—

> For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
> And purged its faith, and trimm'd its fire,
> Shew'd me the high, white star of Truth,
> There bade me gaze, and there aspire,

but every one of them will, without disloyalty to the rest, place first among his teachers Dr. Anderson. To those who had an intimate knowledge of his methods and their results, he will always be the *beau ideal* of the great teacher. He was a great teacher because he was a great man—an omnivorous intellect, a splendid physique, a stalwart character, an all-compelling will, a tender heart. Merely to describe him as a great teacher is not to describe, but only to characterize, him. There are teachers and teachers. Some teachers are distinguished mainly by their power to impart knowledge. Students who pass through their classes are graduated well crammed; but whether the information has been digested and assimilated is another question. There are other teachers who have the faculty of directing students in their studies, of arousing an

earnest and even enthusiastic spirit, of impelling each man to investigate, think and judge for himself. And there are still other teachers who are comparatively weak on the scholastic side, but are eminent in ability to develop the manliness and mould the character of their pupils.

Dr. Anderson belonged to no one of these classes, but combined in himself all these characteristics, though in very unequal proportions, and this inequality was one secret of his strength. When he entered on his work at Rochester, in 1853, he had, as we have seen, already made his mark as a teacher. At Waterville he had shown himself in a rare degree possessed of the qualities required in the class-room. At Rochester he took rank from the first among the foremost educators of America. I think he never cared to excel as a mere imparter of knowledge, rightly estimating this as the lowest function of the teacher. Greater masters of the *technique* of pedagogy there doubtless have been; he was no martinet in drill; he did not regard his students in the light of Strasburg geese, to be stuffed with all the learning that could by hook or crook be crammed into them. His idea was to produce men—scholarly men, to be sure, but men first, and scholars afterwards. His efforts were devoted, therefore, first of all and most of all, to stimulating the minds and arousing the consciences of his classes. He taught men how to think and investigate for themselves, rather than gave them results. In a word, he recognized that the larger half of education is teaching men how to use their tools. He used to say, sometimes, "When I see you young men in the halls getting red in the face over a discussion of some knotty point in philosophy or scholarship, I know that my work is more than half done." He excelled in power to waken the most sluggish intellect, and give to each man in an average class a mental impulse that would last years after his graduation, and in most cases will last as long as life itself. If it were possible to rouse a dull mind,

to spur a lazy will, or (to use a favorite phrase of his) "to create a soul under the ribs of death," he was the man to do it. If he failed the task was hopeless, and rarely did he fail. How many Rochester alumni will confess with gratitude to their dying day, that what they have done or may do of good work is due in God's providence to the fact that Dr. Anderson first taught them to brace their wills and gird up the loins of their minds to earnest efforts.

The most valuable part of college work is the formation of character. Greater than all Dr. Anderson's great powers of mind was his power to give his students a lasting moral impulsion, a healthful and uplifting direction to their aspirations and ambitions. This power, the gift of God, was richly blessed by the Spirit of God, as many an alumnus can bear testimony from the depths of a grateful heart. He held up to his students a lofty ideal of Christian manhood—keeping it always before them by example as well as by precept. He did not undervalue worldly success— he was often more ambitious for his boys than they were for themselves, and spurred them on to greater exertions—but he taught them to hold loyalty to truth and manhood in higher esteem than wealth or honors. Coming to him as these men did at the critical stage in the formation of character, with adverse conditions of heredity or training in many cases, it is surprising how uniformly they were turned toward the right and the true. The cases of failure may be counted on the fingers of one hand. As the Roman matron, pointing to the young Gracchi, said, "Behold my jewels," we may point to the long and honorable roll of alumni graduated under Dr. Anderson as his chief ornament and title to perpetual remembrance. Hardly a worthless character is to be found on that roll. The graduates of Rochester are not all great men, not all men of genius, but, almost without exception, they are good men and true, doing their duty faithfully where God has placed them.

And this fact is the natural result of the influence exerted on class after class for thirty-five years. Eternity only will tell the full result of those years' work. There are hundreds of us who owe everything to wise words of counsel, of reproof, or of kindly advice, given at critical moments—words that were, in many a case, the turning-point of a lifetime. If we have some love for sound learning, broad culture, accurate scholarship; if we desire always to be manly and true, and at any cost faithful to the right; if our ideal of a noble life is faithful service to God and our fellows, rather than the winning of the prizes of wealth and ambition; we owe it to his teachings, enforced by his example.

His discipline kept in view the same high aims. For the first year or two of college life the student felt admiration and awe for the "Prex." As he came more closely in contact with Dr. Anderson he found that under a somewhat grim and leonine aspect there was as warm a heart as ever beat; that he really had, and did not merely affect to have, a personal interest in the welfare of each man. There were few of us who did not have occasion at some time to hold a private interview with him in the awful precincts of the president's room—in my day a gloomy and ill-furnished apartment of Anderson Hall, well fitted to strike terror into the heart of the conscious delinquent. The terror of these interviews was mainly in anticipation. He knew how to wink at pecadilloes, and knew as well how to repress with firmness, and, if necessary, with severity, serious uprisings against salutary law. He could speak scorching words of censure when they were deserved, he could pass lightly over what was the mere ebullition of boyish spirits. If at any time a student experienced the truth of the Scripture that "no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous," he also in due time, if not utterly incorrigible, found it true that "it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness

unto them which are exercised thereby." For his reproofs were so wisely administered, and were followed by counsel so kind and fatherly, that the man went out of the room with genuine regret for his misconduct, with deep respect and affection for his "Prex," and with a high resolve thereafter to deserve his confidence. And there were interviews of another kind in that room, when men went to the president in trouble, or at his request to talk about their future, and in every case received help that was invaluable. If there ever was a college head who managed his troublesome boys so well as Dr. Anderson, certainly no one ever did it with more unfailing tact and firm kindness.

> Ideal-Christian teacher, master, man,
> Severely sweet, a gracious Puritan,
> Beyond my praise to-day, beyond their blame,
> He spurs me yet with his remembered name. *

IV.

But Dr. Anderson was more than a great teacher; he was a great scholar, in the fullest sense of the term. Many men of far smaller attainments make a greater display of learning. His was not a nature that delighted in display; *esse quam videri* was his motto, to be, rather than to seem, his aim. His scholarship was encyclopædic—no other word describes it. His intellectual curiosity was insatiable and his capacity for acquisition enormous. When he was in a company of learned men, no subject could be started about which he did not seem to be fully informed, and in many cases his knowledge astonished specialists. In my time he could and did at a pinch teach a class in any department of the college, and the keenest students could not in such an

* These lines are from a poem by William Cleaver Wilkinson, "A Remembered Teacher." I do not know that the teacher was Dr. Anderson, but these verses so admirably express my estimate of his character that I cannot forbear quoting them.

emergency catch him tripping. This weight of learning was borne as easily as a mediæval knight wore his armor. His multifarious knowledge was all assimilated, classified, ready for instant use, and above all it was accurate. He was not one of those men who know a thousand things and know them all wrong. He was intolerant of inaccurate, slovenly work, in himself or in others; crude and pretentious sciolism was the one thing for which he had no mercy.

To those who knew Dr. Anderson but slightly, or who knew him not at all, this may seem extravagant eulogy; to those who knew him well, it will seem short of the truth. His mind was teeming with information and ideas, and nothing pleased him so much as to find somebody with whom to share both. There is a tale still told in Rochester, that ought to be true if it is not, that he was once very ill of cholera, and his life despaired of. While in this condition he beckoned to a friend watching by him. Bending over the sick man to receive, as he supposed, a (possibly) dying injunction about some weighty matter, what was his surprise to hear the words, "By the way, ——, I wish you would read so and so," mentioning a recent article in a periodical that had attracted his own attention and interested him greatly. He rarely met one of his old students or personal friends without suggesting some book to read, some line of investigation to pursue, or some article, or speech, or sermon to be prepared. In a ten-minute talk he would lay out more work than one could do in a year, even if one were a very diligent worker, with plenty of spare time. He never took umbrage if his suggestions were not followed, but if by chance the seed fell into good soil and brought forth fruit, his interest in the progress of the work and his pride in the result could not have been greater had he been the worker, and of praise he was prodigal when he was certain that honest work had been done. He was not sparing of criticism—criticism searching, intelligent, kindly,

reconstructive; for he not merely pulled the badly-built edifice down about one's ears, but showed one how to put it up properly. Some who knew him imperfectly were hurt by his frequent suggestions and criticisms, supposing them to evidence an opinion on his part that he knew their business or profession better than they. They misjudged the man. He could no more help throwing out these hints than a full fountain can help overflowing. He gave out knowledge as the sun gives out its heat, because this was his nature; he suggested new lines of thought and experiment because his fruitful mind brought forth ideas that he had no time nor opportunity to utilize, and out of sheer good-will he bestowed them on others. A man conscious of intellectual poverty would have husbanded carefully, and made a considerable reputation of, what he poured out on every side with the carelessness of boundless wealth.

Amid the duties of an exacting profession, and the cares of administration, Dr. Anderson yet found time to do an amount of writing, in volume respectable, and in quality high. Of late years his literary activity was much diminished, but in the earlier years of his college work his contributions to periodical literature were both frequent and valuable, showing great research, firm grasp of principles, and the power of coördinating knowledge and speculation. A series of essays published in the *Christian Review*, then the principal organ of philosophy and theology in this country, deserve especial mention: "The Origin and Political Life of the English Race," (1850), "Language as a Means of Classifying Man," (1859), "Sir William Hamilton's Lectures," (1860), "Berkeley and his Works," (1861), "Growth and Relation of the Sciences," and "The Arabian Philosophy," (1862). Among my pamphlets, and in various volumes accessible to me, I find the following papers: "The University of the Nineteenth Century," "Voluntaryism in Education," "The Right Use of Wealth," "The Doc-

trine of Evolution," "Outdoor Relief," "Christianity and the Common Law." These topics barely suggest the range of his studies, and the catholicity of his sympathy. He, if any man of our day, might take as his motto: *Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto.*

But this list of titles only suggests what Dr. Anderson was, and what he might have done; the reading of the papers, indeed, does little more. In his case, as has been happily remarked, the whole was greater than the sum of all its parts. In the last months of his life, Dr. Anderson, yielding to the advice of many friends, contrary to his own inclination and judgment, arranged for the publication of a volume of these collected papers. A publisher was found on his last visit to New York, and when his fatal illness began he was at work on the necessary revisions. Like most men of real power, he was conscious of his strength, and he knew well that neither any one of his writings, nor the sum of them all, was the measure of his ability. Not having been able to do justice to himself in these desultory productions, he would rather go to his grave with no permanent literary memorial, than leaving one so inadequate. He was great-hearted enough with open eyes to sacrifice the prospect of fame, as a man of letters, in order to put his whole soul and strength into his work as educator; but he shrank from giving to the world less than his best, lest it be taken to be his best. If there was here a touch of the old man and his pride, it only serves to prove him human like ourselves, and not that "faultless monster that the world ne'er saw." In fact, as those who saw much of him well know, Dr. Anderson was very human. He neither was, nor pretended to be, perfect, but to me, at least, it always seemed that even his failings leaned to virtue's side. If he had not been restrained by the grace of God, he might have been what Dr. Johnson loved, a good hater; as it was, he reserved his hatreds for shams and lies, and anything else that is base and vile.

Errors he doubtless committed, but if in all his life he ever did anything small and mean and contemptible, this naughty world, which is usually so quick to see and to bruit such deeds, has for once failed to do either.

V.

It was true, as Dr. Strong so happily said at the funeral service, that Dr. Anderson was the first citizen of Rochester. He was also one of the first citizens of the Empire State. Devoted as his life was to his special work, he yet found time to perform many eminent services for his fellow citizens. The "by-products" of his life-work would have made a respectable career for an ordinary man. His service in the State Board of Charities was long, laborious and useful; his labors as a member of the Niagara Falls International Commission were equally honorable to himself and useful to his fellow-citizens; his advice was often sought by public men on important measures, and his counsels in such cases were potent. The same may be said of his relations to the denomination that had his hearty loyalty and devoted service. He was President in turn of its two largest missionary organizations, a Life Director in others, and no man was more heartily welcomed either to the grave discussions of board meetings or to the platform of public meetings. In the one his sound judgment and wide knowledge of men, in the other his power of practical and eloquent address, made him a force always arrayed in favor of any measure or policy that promised to promote the kingdom of God among men.

But, after all is said, the best measure of Dr. Anderson's greatness is the University to whose founding he consecrated himself in the flush of young manhood. This is his greatest work—greater than any "works" he might have left in paper and ink, though never so voluminous. To "lay

foundations under ground," as he used to put it, was the end to which he devoted the best of himself and of his life. "This one thing I do" was the keynote of that life. He poured out himself with unstinted self-sacrifice. It seemed a pity, sometimes, that a man who touched life at so many points, so strong, so admirably equipped by nature and by culture for a great career, so rich in manhood, should be "cabined, cribbed, confined" within limits thus narrow. It was indeed a noble sacrifice, but was the end entirely unworthy of it? More and more it will appear that he builded better than he knew, not only for the University but for his own name and fame. Had Dr. Anderson's heart been selfishly set on achieving for himself an enduring fame, he could have taken no other way so certain to reach that goal. There are few instances of completer fulfilment of that paradox of Jesus, "He that loseth his life for my sake shall find it." As scholar and author, as statesman or man of affairs—for he had notable gifts in any of these directions—he might have made for himself a greater present notoriety, and won for himself more wealth, only to be speedily forgotten, perhaps. But nothing is so permanent among human institutions as a seat of learning. The university of Salerno has an uninterrupted history from the ninth century, the university of Bologna dates from the beginning of the twelfth century, and the university of Paris from the thirteenth. The oldest dynasty in Europe cannot boast such antiquity. Revolutions have swept over the continent, wars have devastated it, empires have risen, flourished and decayed, the map of Europe has been reconstructed times without number, but the great institutions of learning have been left undisturbed. The names of their founders and faithful servants have been gratefully preserved while oblivion has buried contemporary princes and prelates. There is nothing in which man can make investment, either of his fortune or of his life, with such certainty

of permanent results, as in the making of a university. This Dr. Anderson well knew, and nothing but the knowledge of it enabled him to do and to bear through thirty-six weary years. He had faith in the future of the institution to which he gave his life, because he had faith in God, and had read His providential dealings in the history of mankind. The work he has done will abide, to be a memorial more lasting than marble or brass. It is no disparagement to others who have wrought and made sacrifices, and there have been many such, to say that the University of Rochester owes what it is to-day to the wise foresight, unceasing labors, and indomitable will of Martin Brewer Anderson. He came to the college in its infancy, when it had hardly more than a name to live; his death leaves it with a handsome property, well endowed and equipped, an institution influential and honored throughout the country. To a stranger who walks up the spacious and beautiful campus at Rochester, and, gazing at the stately buildings that rise on either hand, inquires for a memorial of its first president and real founder, one may answer in the words of Sir Christopher Wren's noble epitaph,

SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRIS, CIRCUMSPICE.

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 029 918 978 8